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DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

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AGREEMENT THE BASIS OF REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT.

IT has been demonstrated in the sphere of Socialism that the only basis of success is the spirit of agreement. Given this, and men and women may unite together in the largest and closest kind of combination and coöperation, without failure and with the best results.

Agreement means Peace; it means coming into one mind; it means one heart and one soul. It is the opposite of war, disintegration and the party spirit.

If agreement is the one absolute necessity—"the post in the middle"—of Socialism, may we not with equal truth and certainty assume that it is the one absolute necessity of successful Republican Government? It is becoming more and more evident that paper constitutions and universal suffrage are not sufficient to insure permanent success in such a government, even in free and advanced America. The stern current of events is steadily drifting the nation into a crisis where something more than these will be needed to save its freedom and its civilization. Its people are divided almost equally into two great parties, devoted to antagonistic political principles, and both hungry for national control and the spoils of office. Only the device of an Electoral Commission to settle the Presidential contest a year ago saved the country from civil war. And to-day, with apparently steadily increasing certainty, we seem drifting into the old sectional antagonism of a "Solid South" against the North. At present no man can see the end, and the aspect of the national sky is of a character to cause every honest and earnest man serious thought.

We have tried once to settle a great national question by war; and the war, in spirit at least, is not yet over. We have its great debt to pay. We have the enormous load of barbarism which it engendered and let loose, to get rid of. We have before us the possibility of even more fighting. Had we not better stop and consider whether the methods of our political and national action are in accordance with the genius of Republicanism? The fact that men have once died "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, might not perish from the earth," does not prove that war is the only or the best way to save such a government. In such a way Republican government may commit suicide. We take it that the people of this country by their dealing with national questions in the war spirit—the spirit whose ruling affinity is with despotism and oppression—have run Republican government very near to the shores of death.

As a people we need to return to first principles. Republican, or Democratic, government is Socialism applied to Government. As defined by Mr. Lincoln in his immortal Gettysburg address, it is "Government of the people, by the people, for the people." Equally with all other social institutions it must be based on the spirit of agreement. Not a single feature of such a government can be based on war, on sectionalism, or party spirit. We need not quarrel unnecessarily with the past. We have had a hundred-years' attempt to run the national government in the party spirit, and by methods of disagreement. It has been a failure. Let it suffice; and let us begin anew. Let us try agreement and the science of peace. One hopeful event in this direction has already occurred which may be the seed of future good. In the midst of the turmoil of party spirit and threatened civil war which succeeded the last Presidential election, the spirit of agreement found an entrance into Congress and the nation, in sufficient measure to secure a peaceable solution of the question at issue through an Electoral Commission. Whether the settlement reached satisfied both the contending parties or not, it was evidently the best that could have been attained, because it was brought about, mainly, by the spirit of agreement. Party rights, or fancied rights, were surrendered to the decision of the most independent and wisely constituted tribunal which the national conditions made possible. The result was peace, instead of war. So also the purpose of President Hayes in working for peace and the reconciliation of the North and South, whatever may be the wisdom of his special methods, is in the line of the spirit of agreement, and must to that extent be productive of good. All such seeds in the nation, mustard-small though they be, ought to be fostered, and made the starting-point of larger and better growth.

Peace is a science, as well as a spirit or afflatus. Nay, it is the science of sciences. Persons may say that we must first take care that righteousness and truth are secured, and after that we will cultivate peace and the faculty of agreement. But each party says that, and thinks itself absolutely right, and there is no end to the quarrel. If, however, we look deep enough into the matter, we shall find that the very essence and principal virtue of righteousness is peace. We shall find that if we want to be righteous the very first thing for us to do is to become peaceable, and to have the faculty of agreement with God and our fellowmen. The art of being peaceable is the height of righteousness; and genius and inspiration will yet develop themselves in their highest power in the discovery of ways and means by which the peace may be kept throughout the world and in all human affairs. If the science of society is, as the Positivists and other scientists say, the center of all science, then the very center of social science is the science and art of peace. This is a truth which the whole history of practical Socialism proves and emphasizes.

If the Republican government in the true conception and practice of it is the application of Social Science to government, it carries with it the absolute requirement of peace. War, in spirit or in fact, is foreign to its genius. Party spirit, partisanship, and sectionalism are its deadly foes. The interests of all its citizens, the conditions of its own permanence, are, that peace shall be the highest law, and that all things shall be done in the spirit of agreement.

Not only does the very nature and constitution of Republican government, and the clear principles of science, thus require the dominance of absolute peace and agreement, but true Christianity, so far as that has any influence or voice in the affairs of the nation and the world, demands the same thing. Examine the New Testament from end to end and you will find that the central idea of Christianity is peace. Christ planted himself on that foundation, and on it built his kingdom. Peace, Unity, Love—reconciliation with God and one another—these were the things he came to establish, and make the basis of human society and government. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." There can be no war in a nation, or among a people, where this commandment is respected and obeyed. There is no place for war in Christ's spirit and example, nor in a Christianity worthy of his name. "Put up thy sword," said he to Peter. "My Kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight, but now is my Kingdom not from hence." "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." No man can reconcile such principles and sayings as these with war, or justify human conflict by an appeal to any thing in the career and conduct of Jesus Christ. Those who claim to be his followers in the world to-day must prove themselves men of peace, having the faculty of agreement, if they would receive his favor and blessing and be honored as his companions.

By all these considerations of science and religion, of common sense and of history, are we urged to apply the principle of agreement to national affairs. Unless it can come in and displace the war spirit, the party spirit and the selfish spirit, in the conduct of government and in the life of the people, this last and best attempt of "government of the people, by the people, for the people," will "perish from the earth."

THEO. L. PITT.

FOURIERANA.

Selections from the Harbinger, Phalanx and other Publications of the Fourier Epoch.

VII.

CHRISTIANITY AND ASSOCIATION.

THE charge that we design to destroy the whole structure of Christianity will seem too absurd to those who are at all familiar with the doctrines advanced in the Harbinger, to need any denial. Neither Fourier nor any of his disciples with whom we have ever been acquainted ever entertained such an idea. Indeed, what more than any thing else led ourselves to study the theory of Fourier and to adopt its leading features was the conviction that it was the social embodiment of Christian principles, that it was Christianity applied to the natural relations of men. In vain, after years of experience, did we look for any existing social organization in which those principles prevailed. We saw everywhere and under all guises duplicity, fraud, oppression and antagonism; man against man, interest against interest, selfishness the law, falsehood the method, sorrow and misery the result, of the whole civilized mechanism. We thus came to the Combined Order from a moral necessity. We could not rest till we found out a social organization fully satisfying the demands of common sense on the one hand and of the highest moral principles on the other. This was Association. But not to prolong the discussion, let us hear testimony that is decisive as to the matter. "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the Prophets." Upon these two commandments Association

is based. The love of God and the love of the neighbor are the central and all-pervasive principles of its organization. If this be to destroy Christianity we must admit the charge.—*C. A. Dana.*

CONSERVATIVES AS WELL AS REFORMERS.

The organization of labor, the abolition of war, slavery and domestic servitude, the guarantee to every person of the best possible education, of constant and congenial employment, and of pecuniary independence,—these are our objects. With regard to what is beyond these, the practical questions of marriage, religion, and government, we have constantly declared that *the established order of things must be preserved.* We are conservatives as well as reformers, but our conservatism is not of the kind which imagines that all possible truth is discovered and applied, and that no farther progress is possible. We believe that the Divine Providence is never absent from humanity, and that in spite of the arrogance of reason and the subverted passions which ravage the world like tigers, there is still in society a great heart of good, by whose faint pulsations it is kept alive. This good we seek to cherish and to unfold into a freer and better sphere of action. For this object, sacred to all wise and good men, we labor. We may be misunderstood and wronged, ourselves calumniated and our faith belied. But these are only temporary evils. The great result is certain. Weary, travel-stained, and sometimes faithless, Humanity at least draws near the promised land. Enough and more than enough for us, with life-long toil, if need be, to open the mountain defiles though which she has to pass, thrice happy if with our last breath we may catch the first shout of joy that salutes the vales beyond.—*Ibid.*

"HANDEL'S MESSIAH."

Consider that this Oratorio is probably the grandest monument of musical art, perhaps of human piety within the sphere of art. From the fresh, spring-like notes of comfort with which it opens, to the everlasting wave on wave receding of its "Amen Chorus," swelled by every hopeful voice of all humanity, aye, and of all created spirits peopling all the spheres, it is, as far as any human work can be, inspired. It is the voice of all humanity through Handel. It is fraught with deepest meaning for you and me and generations after us. To be familiar with it is to have learned the language of the profoundest sentiment, and richest wealth, that otherwise had lain buried long unconsciously within us; it is to possess a talisman which can call back the heavenliest spheres of life which we can know, and drive away all sense of isolation in the Universe, and make all warm, and full of love and blessedness and God. Learn to read the music, if you can not sing it, of "*He shall feed his flock,*" and "*I know that my Redeemer liveth;*" and have friends around you, trained, whom you can call in to sing "*Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!*"

Associationists! Pioneers of the first humble Phalanxes! ye that can sing, learn Handel's Hallelujah chorus; it will be a grand unitary act of worship; in it may you consecrate yourselves to your sublime idea and feel your unity with one another and with the Race; for there exists no clearer prophecy of that than in such music, giving voice to the inmost spirit of the recorded prophecies of old.—*John S. Dwight.*

ASSOCIATE LIFE.

We do not profess to be able to present a true picture of Associative life. We can not give the most remote idea of the advantage, which the Combined Order possesses over the ordinary arrangements of society. The benefits which we now actually enjoy, are of another character. The life which we now lead, though, to a hasty and superficial observer, surrounded with so great imperfections and embarrassments, is far superior to what we have ever been able to attain under the most favorable circumstances in Civilization. There is a freedom from the frivolities of fashion, from arbitrary restrictions, and from the frenzy of competition; we meet our fellowmen in more sincere, hearty, and genial relations; kindred spirits are not separated by artificial, conventional barriers; there is more personal independence, and a wider sphere for its exercise; the soul is warmed in the sunshine of a true social equality; we are not brought into the rough and disgusting contact with uncongenial persons, which is such a genuine source of misery in the common intercourse of society; there is a greater variety of employment, a more constant demand for the exertion of all the faculties, and a more exquisite pleasure in effort, from the consciousness that we are laboring not for personal ends, but for a holy principle; and even the external sacrifices, which the pioneers in every enterprise are obliged to make, are not without a certain romantic charm, which effectually prevents us from envying the luxuries of Egypt though we should be blessed with neither the manna, nor the quails, which once cheered a table in the desert. So that for ourselves, we have great reason to be content. We are conscious of happiness which we never knew, until we embarked in this career. A new strength is given to our arms, a new fire enkindles our souls. But great as may be our satisfactions of this nature, they do not proceed from the actual application of Associative principles to outward arrangements. The time has not yet come for that. The means have never yet been brought together to attempt the realization of the Associative theory, even on the humblest scale. At present, then, we are only preparing the way for a better order. We are gathering materials, which we hope one day to use with effect; if otherwise they will not be lost; they will help those who come after us; and accomplish what they were intended for in the designs of Providence. No Association as yet has either the number of persons, or the amount of capital, requisite to make a fair experiment of the principles of attractive industry. They are all deficient in material resources, in edifices, in machinery, and above all, in floating capital; and although in their present state they may prove a blessing to the individuals concerned in them, such as the whole earth has not to give, they are not prepared to exhibit that demonstration of the superior benefits of Associative life, which will at once introduce a new era, and install Humanity in the position for which it was created. But, brothers, patience and hope! We know what we are working for. We know that the truth of God is on our side, that he has no attribute which can favor the existing order of fraud, oppression, carnage, and consequent wretchedness. We may be sure of the triumph of our cause. The grass may grow over our graves before it will be accomplished: but as certain as God reigns, will the dominion of justice and truth be established in the order of society. Every plant which the Heavenly Father has not planted will be plucked up; and the earth will yet rejoice in the greenness and beauty of the garden of God.—*Geo. Ripley.*

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

BY FREDERIC HARRISON IN "FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW."

THE Social Problem? What in a few words is this problem? It is this. In this complex industrial system wealth has discovered the machinery by which the principal, in some cases the whole, results of common labor become its special perquisites. Ten thousand miners delve and toil, giving their labor, risking their lives; ten masters give their direction or the loan of their capital, oftenest only the latter; and in a generation the ten capitalists are rioting in vast fortunes, and the ten thousand workmen are rotting in their graves, or in a workhouse. And yet the ten thousand were at least as necessary to the work as the ten. Yet more: the ten capitalists are practically the law-makers, the magistrates, the government, the educators of youth; the priests of all creeds are their creatures. Practically they make and interpret the law—the law of the land, the law of opinion, and the law of God; they are the masters of the whole social forces.

A convenient faith has been invented for them by moralists and economists, the only faith which in these days they at all believe in—the faith that the good of mankind is somehow promoted by a persevering course of selfishness. Competition is, in fact, the whole duty of man. And thus it comes that in ten thousand ways the whole social force is directed for the benefit of those who have. Habitually, unconsciously, often with what they think is a religious sense of duty, they work the machinery of society for their own objects. In this favored land, whilst the owner of the soil knows no other toil or care but that of providing fresh modes of enjoyment, the peasant, out of whose sweat his luxury is wrung, lives like a beast of burden, and dies like a dog in a ditch. Whilst the merchant prince is courting society for a peerage, a thousand lives of seamen are lost, decoyed in rotting, insured ships to sea; whilst mine-owners can still paralyze the Legislature, a thousand lives are lost each year in pits, "chiefly, it is said, from preventable causes;" and whilst fortunes are reared by iron-masters a hundred thousand workmen are ground to the dust by Truck! One hundred thousand families in England are cheated, insulted, and oppressed by being forced to barter portions of their wages for some fraudulent equivalent in goods. Now all this makes up in gross that which they call in France, "*l'exploitation des ouvriers.*" They say that where, in a common work, labor is no less necessary than capital, and laborers are as worthy of the profits as managers, the system by which the gross result is appropriated by capital, and under which the self-indulgence of wealth soars to yet unimagined heights, whilst the area of misery, ignorance and exhaustion sinks ever deeper, is a system which is doomed to end. And this their claim is good.

The claim of capital to amass wealth by what means it chooses, and to spend it how and when it pleases, is so vile; the claim of the workman to have his part in the social result is so unanswerable, that in the end the issue is not doubtful.

SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

BY E. T. CRAIG.

XV.

DURING my attendance at the Mechanics' Institution I became intimately associated with Rowland Detrosier, Abel Heywood and others who subsequently became identified with Socialisms. Detrosier was gifted with rare powers of adaptation to the ideas of others, combined with great command of language and facility of expression. He studied chemistry with great success, and was enabled to make his lectures very interesting and instructive. To him was due the merit of first delivering popular lecturers on science to the working-classes. He was at one time connected with a small chapel in Hulme, and would occasionally illustrate his sermons with chemical and electrical apparatus. A lecture delivered to the working-classes by Detrosier, on "the necessity of an extension of Moral and Political Instruction among the Working-Classes," was fully reported in a Manchester journal, attracted the attention of Leigh Hunt, and was favorably mentioned in *The Examiner.* He was subsequently invited by Lady Byron to London, and furnished with £20 towards his expenses. But the natural independence of Detrosier was by no means congenial to her ladyship's somewhat wayward peculiarities. She left him to take his own course, and having to lecture as a means of subsistence, he caught a severe cold while traveling on a coach to Stratford, near London, where he delivered the inaugural address at the opening of the Mechanics' Institution. I visited him shortly before his death, and found him prostrated and suffering from inflammation of the lungs. I offered him the little aid at my command, and would have been glad to have obtained the assistance of Lady Byron, with whom I had become associated at the time, but owing to the estrangement between them, and the variable phases of her ladyship's character, I was not able to do any thing. Neither Mrs. Stowe nor Harriet Martineau was qualified to estimate with discrimination the complex characteristics of Lady Noel Byron. It was necessary to live with her and to be subordinate to her ladyship, to appreciate her peculiar idiosyncracies.

Detrosier was a very remarkable man, and would have been a very influential leader, as he had considerable talent and enthusiasm, much energy, and an impressive eloquence that always commanded earnest attention.

In those days there were few opportunities for young men, working long hours, to study in classes requiring early attendance, and a few of the members of the Mechanics' Institution united for the purpose of forming what was designated

A SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

Messrs. Charles Bury, Isaac Newton, Joseph Caldwell, Charles Rowley, myself and a few others were the first members. The chief subjects of study were language, mathematics and chemistry. The last was the most prominent feature, and during evening meetings of the week would absorb the attention of some of the members till midnight.

My connection with this useful society led to circumstances which ultimately exercised considerable influence over my subsequent career, and aided me in promoting Coöperation and Socialism; and to omit any reference to them would be misleading and unsatisfactory, if not unfair.

The Society held its meetings in the house of Mr. J. Bottomly, whose daughter, with her mother, occasionally attended the lectures. The naturalist often meets with rare plants and flowers, like the wild rose and the forget-me-not, in retired and unexpected localities, and so I soon discovered rare qualities of mind and person in the fair young student. There was a nameless grace and a natural refinement in her carriage that was charming and attractive. Shewas modest, yet earnest, genial without being demonstrative. Her blonde complexion was exceedingly fair and of remarkable purity and fresh-

ness, the red and the white giving relief by their softened gradations. The form was slender, the face approached the oval in its outline, and the nose was straight and somewhat of the Grecian type. The eyes were rather dark, full and prominent, and when animated had an earnest and thoughtful, yet mild expression, without any indication of passion or impulsive feeling. It was not so much her beauty of form or feature, as her intelligent attention to the lectures, that first awoke a strong interest in her character, and induced me to invite her to attend lectures then delivered by Detrosier at the New Mechanics' Institution, which a few energetic young men had formed with a view to expanding the Directory and enlarging the constituency of the old Institution. When this was accomplished, we returned to the remodeled and flourishing parent Institute. The attendance at these lectures led to progress of attachment between Miss B. and myself, with which unforeseen circumstances temporarily interfered until I had secured such conditions at Ralahine as to feel assured of its success.

UTILITY SCHOOL.

Some of the members of the Scientific Society, becoming impressed with the educational views of Robert Owen, agreed to open a Sunday school for giving useful instruction to the young in scientific subjects, not at that time taught to the working-classes. The subjects were mathematics, chemistry, and natural history. There were also classes for the study of English and Latin grammar. There were evening classes in the week for drawing, elocution and dancing. The services of the teachers were voluntary, and the instruction was given free of charge. The expenses were defrayed by the contributions of friends. Lady Byron gave an annual subscription of £5 toward the expenses.

Among the teachers were Charles Bury, who, having had a good classical education, taught the Latin class. Joseph Caldwell, James Rigby, James Lowe, George F. Mandley, J. W. Ashton and others zealously devoted themselves to the work. From one hundred to a hundred and fifty youths attended the classes. Many visitors were attracted to the school festivals. Miss B. and her female friends occasionally assisted in the programme. The sweetness and pathos in the musical efforts of the former were striking, impressive and touching.

The moral influence of this school was very great on the pupils, many of whom afterwards became well known as public lecturers, writers and authors of works on Coöperation and Socialism.

Robert Cooper was a favorite pupil of Mr. Bury, and became the teacher of the school and afterwards a popular lecturer. James Hole, the favorite scholar of Mr. Caldwell, still cherishes the memory of the school and its teachings. He became subsequently well known as the editor of the *Herald of Coöperation*, for the Redemption Society of Leeds. He is author of an admirable work on "Social Science and the Organization of Labor;" a book that should be in every library and read by every coöperator. Louis Blanc, in speaking to an English gentleman of the loss of a great portion of his books which were on their way from London, at a station which was burnt down when the Commune affair began, said he regretted much the loss of this book on Coöperation, which he declared was "the best work that had been written on the subject." Mr. Hole is the author of a valuable work on the "Homes of the Working-Classes with numerous illustrations." He gained the Society of Arts' prize for the "History of Mechanics' Institutes," and for which he received £50 and a gold medal presented by Prince Albert. He also received the Hook Prize for an essay on the state of education in Leeds. Mr. Hole is also the translator of M. Renan's "Life of Jesus," and has written several pamphlets in connection with social progress.

Many of the pupils now in various parts of the world, and some in America, look back with grateful recollections to the zeal and devotedness and practical teaching of the young men who conducted the Utility School, and from which they derived such lasting benefits. The Socialistic influences of the school may be estimated by the fact that one of its reading lesson books was the interesting work by John Winter Morgan, entitled "The Revolt of the Bees," illustrating the advantages of Community over the miseries arising from competition. Great benefits were derived from the plan of having social tea-parties on Sunday afternoons. When the weather was fine and the season suitable several of the elder pupils would be taken into the rural land in the districts, many of which are now crowded with buildings, to study botany. They were accompanied by one or two of the teachers, who selected some plant, flower or insect as a test for their lessons, which were highly interesting and very instructive.

One of the most singular visitors to the School of Utility was Richard Robert Jones, who was the son of a bricklayer's laborer, and brought up to the trade, but whose desire for acquiring languages was very great and uncontrollable. He had become acquainted with twenty-five different languages, but knew little else. He was accustomed to write mottoes in different languages in the books of the pupils, and in one he wrote in Italian :—

"Naked and poor goes philosophy."

The great linguist was a little man, and wore a long coat down to his heels, in which were many pockets, each filled with books of different languages. When he wished to quote a motto to illustrate his purpose he knew in which pocket he could find his authority. He seemed a moving foreign library encased in a top coat far too large for his small constitution. Although he often astonished other visitors by the extent of his vocabulary, he surprised them most by his lack of worldly wisdom, in sacrificing the practical and the useful in the realities of life, for the gratification of storing his memory with verbal signs which he had not wit enough to make useful to himself or others.

The School after a time gave birth to two divergent agencies. One under the leadership of Charles Bury, on the orthodox side. formed the Salford Mechanic's Institution or Lyceum; the other, the social element, migrated to a large hall erected by Mr. Joseph Smith at a cost of £850. The hall extended over a number of cottages, and was capable of accommodating six hundred persons. It was constructed with some regard to the social assemblies which were often attracted to the tea-parties and festivals held there, and was often crowded by delighted audiences. Mr. Smith, who is now resident in America, was an earnest and very active promoter of the Social Institution, and made great sacrifices in support of the Coöperative and Social movement.

This institution had a very marked influence in promoting discussion and making known the aspirations of the Socialists, and in multiplying the members favorable to Socialism.

OPENING OF NEW CO-OPERATIVE STORES.

The exercises at the recent opening of new Coöperative stores at Coventry, Eng., were unusually interesting. There was a tea-party of 1,200 persons, a public meeting presided over by the mayor of the city, addresses, songs, etc. The following paragraph is taken from the address of the President of the Coventry Perseverance Coöperative Society, Mr. J. Hepworth:

"Three years ago, if anybody had told us that on the 14th day of November, 1877, we should be dedicating this block of buildings to the business purposes of the Coventry Perseverance Coöperative Society, we should have thought them to be proper subjects for Hatton Lunatic Asylum. Anyhow, we despise not the day of small things: the world itself being formed of atoms, it has solidified and grown into the compact mass of earth on which we dwell. For the first few years our society made very slow progress; prejudice in some minds, misgiving in the minds of others, was against us, on account of former failures. Coöperation had yet to win its way in this city. Many said, 'Let it alone; like other efforts of a similar kind it will die a natural death,' but our outlook now is full of encouragement. When the erection of new stores was deemed a necessity your committee called you together in Saint Mary's Hall, asking you to find the necessary capital. You said in effect you would find it, and here we are to-day, having paid all demands made upon us on behalf of the building contract, and your investments here are of such a nature that they can not take to themselves wings and fly away. Let the profits on your purchases accumulate for the next three years, and we will pay you every penny of share capital you have subscribed if you are not satisfied with the 5 per cent. interest you get. (Applause.) Our organization differs widely from the great Civil-Service Stores in London—they sell at prices below the ordinary retailer. We don't do this, therefore there is no ground for saying that we are trying to put the extinguisher upon individual tradesmen. What we do try to accomplish is to lessen the amount of adulteration that is now carried on in this country. (Hear, hear.) Adulteration has no attractions for us. We say, 'Give us the genuine article; we neither like sand in our sugar, nor steel-filings in our tea, nor Kentucky wool in our cloth, nor China clay in our cottons.' (Laughter and applause.) If adulterations had not been carried on to a most frightful extent, what necessity would there have been for the Legislature of this country to pass an Adulteration Act? (Hear, hear.) What is our safeguard against all this? The second great step in the Coöperative movement—namely, the establishing, by federation of societies, the Coöperative Wholesale Society in Manchester, with branches in London and Newcastle, for supplying retail stores with every kind of commodity they need. The common opinion appears to be that Coöperation is simply a scheme for superseding the ordinary sale shops by stores. Just as in falsehood there is a germ of truth, so here; but Coöperation, as understood by the leaders of the movement, comprehends much more than is expressed by an opinion. Its ultimate aim is to make all men their own storekeepers, and all men who need to work, their own employers. (Hear, hear.) Dr. John Watts, a native of this ancient city, thus writes:—'The economy of retail stores is practically settled, for hundreds of them now exist, and compete with the ordinary sale shops, and after paying 5 per cent. as capital, return to their members more than 7½ per cent. average on their purchases. A further economy is also secured by removing all interest in adulteration; whilst the managers of the stores have nothing to gain by serving short weights or short measure, or by misrepresentations of quality. Assuming the system of stores to become universal, let us look to the liberation of the capital now employed by shopkeepers, and see what would be the result. The wages of the working-classes of the United Kingdom are estimated at 350 millions sterling per annum at the very least, and nearly the whole of this enormous sum passes directly or indirectly through the hands of shopkeepers. Assuming that 7½ per cent. could be saved by substituting stores for retail shops, the economy thus secured would be 26¼ millions sterling per annum, or enough to put into permanent productive employment 262,500 men at a capital of £100 per man, which is about the amount employed in the coal and iron trades. Such a saving, continued for 15 years, and invested each year at 5 per cent. would at the end of that term be sufficient to permanently employ all the workingmen in the nation, whilst if the savings were invested productively each year as gained, the result would be arrived at much earlier.' Thousands of people who belong to the great body of coöperators in different parts of the kingdom would never have saved a penny in the whole course of their lives, but for the gentle compulsion which withholds the dividend on purchases to the end of the quarter. I think it must be owned without looking any further that a great and good work is in progress, and that Coöperation will prove to be a great and abiding advantage to the English people, inasmuch as it will, in addition to what I have enumerated, give a material help to the solving of the capital and labor problem. (Hear, hear.) In conclusion, he formally declared the stores opened and dedicated to the uses of the Coventry Perseverance Co-operative Society."

Shiloh House is a Coöperative institution in Pike County, Pa., that is intended for an industrial and educational home for women and children. It has a tract of four hundred acres of land, of which twenty-five are now in garden, orchard, meadow and pasture. The air and water are of the purest sort, the soil is exceedingly fertile, and the place very picturesque.

—*Baltimore Standard.*

A BLAST FROM MR. RUSKIN.

Mr. Ruskin writes as follows to a correspondent who finds fault with him for speaking disrespectfully of Goldwin Smith and John Stuart Mill, and so offending their disciples:

"Well, my dear sir, I solemnly believe that the less they like it, the better my work has been done. For you will find, if you think deeply of it, that the chief of all the curses of this unhappy age is the universal gabble of its fools, and of the flocks that follow them, rendering the quiet voices of the wise men of all past time inaudible. This is, first, the result of the invention of printing, and of the easy power and extreme pleasure to vain persons of seeing themselves in print.

"When it took a twelvemonths' hard work to make a single volume legible, men considered a little the difference between one book and another; but now, when not only anybody can get themselves made legible through any quantity of volumes, in a week, but the doing so becomes a means of living to them, and they can fill their stomachs with the foolish foam of their lips, the universal pestilence of falsehood fills the mind of the world as cicadas do olive-leaves, and the first necessity for our mental government is to extricate from among the insectile noise the few books and words that are divine.

"And this has been my main work from my youth up—not caring to speak my own words, but to discern, whether in painting or Scripture, what is eternally good and vital, and to strike away from it pitilessly what is worthless and venomous. So that now, being old, and thoroughly practiced in this trade, I know either of a picture, a book, or a speech quite securely whether it is good or not, as a cheesemonger knows cheese; and I have not the least mind to try to make wise men out of fools, or silk purses out of sows' ears; but my one swift business is to brand them of base quality, and get them out of the way, and I do not care a cobweb's weight whether I hurt the followers of these men or not, totally ignoring them, and caring only to get the facts concerning the men themselves fairly and roundly stated for the people

whom I have real power to teach. And for qualification of statement, there is neither time nor need.

"Of course there are few writers capable of obtaining any public attention who have not some day or other said something rational; and many of the foolishest of them are the amiablest, and have all sorts of minor qualities of a most recommendable character—propriety of diction, suavity of temper, benevolence of disposition, wide acquaintance with literature, and what not. But the one thing I have to assert concerning them is that they are men of eternally worthless intellectual quality, who never ought to have spoken a word in this world, or to have been heard in it, out of their family circles; and whose books are merely so much floating fog-bank, which the first breath of sound public health and sense will blow back into its native ditches for ever."

—*Fors Clavigera.*

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1877.

We commence in the present number a series of stories illustrative of the hardships incidental to poverty and isolated life. They will be told by members of the O. C., and will serve to dispel the illusion that has obtained in some quarters that the members of this Community were mostly from medium and higher grades of society. It claims to be only an average selection of persons and to include all grades, from the common-day laborer to the educated and wealthy.

SELF-TAXATION.

THE WAY TO PAY THE NATIONAL DEBT.

People are taxed in two ways: some are taxed by their rulers; these are slaves: others are taxed by themselves; these are freemen.

EXAMPLES OF SELF-TAXATION.

Colleges and High Schools are supported by voluntary donations, *i. e.*, by Self-Taxation.

Churches and Ministers are supported in this country by Self-Taxation.

Missionary operations of all denominations are supported by Self-Taxation.

Party-politics are carried on by Self-Taxation.

All the political institutions of this country are, in theory, systems of Self-Taxation. The right to tax ourselves was what we fought for in the Revolution.

Christianity is, in theory, a system of Self-Taxation. Self-Sacrifice and Self-Denial are the essentials of Christianity; and these are only other names for Self-Taxation.

Christ's death was Self-Taxation for the benefit of mankind.

The clubbing of capital on the day of Pentecost and afterwards was Self-Taxation.

The system invented and engineered by Paul for relieving the poor all over the world, was a system of Self-Taxation.

APPLICATION OF SELF-TAXATION TO THE WAR-DEBT.

The Nation owes an enormous debt—some two thousand millions of dollars. The payment of it by ordinary processes is distant, if not hopeless. It is crushing the poor into discontent and rebellion. It is a permanent provocative of repudiation and destructive revolution.

This debt was contracted for a war in which one-half of the nation chastised and impoverished the other half; and now the chastised and impoverished half is required to pay its share of the expense of its own abasement. It is not in human nature—at least of the kind prevailing at the South—to think of the war as any thing but an outrageous abuse in itself; and then "on top of that" to be required to pay for "heating the poker," is beyond all probability of endurance. It will be impossible to make Southerners and their sympathizers see that this kind of taxation comes fairly under the republican theory of Self-Taxation.

The impending reäction and recovery of power by the South, threatens either repudiation of the national debt or the doubling of it by adding to it the Southern war-debt.

Now, then, is the time for the North to COMPLETE THE WAR *by taxing itself to pay for it.* And the way to do it is to go to work as the Missionary Societies do; that is, to form

A NATIONAL SOCIETY

FOR PAYING THE WAR-DEBT BY DONATIONS.

This Society, with suitable machinery of Auxiliaries, Agents, Lecturers and Publications, could easily convince the millionaires and well-to-do people of the North, that the speedy payment of the national debt is an object of far more vital interest to them than the support of Colleges or Foreign Missions. Thus this vast misery of the nation might be swept out of existence in five years, by an act that would destroy the enmity between the North and the South, and between the rich and the poor. And the rich men of the North are strong enough to do it without any sacrifice that would not be a blessing to them and to their children.

J. H. N.

SOCIAL EVOLUTION.

The Evolutionists say the institutions of society represent the average development of the people, and that the only basis of hope for improved institutions lies in the forces that are favorably modifying human character. This view may be accepted, but with the understanding that the work can be accelerated, and proceeds under no invariable rule of uniformity. For example: Assuming, as we must, that altruism is the ultimate destiny of mankind—a state in which the general weal is paramount to individualism—it is entirely supposable that financial hurricanes and depressions, the troubles of laborers and capitalists, and a thousand other things, shall hurry men toward this destiny—shall make them realize sooner and more profoundly the great truth that there is a solidarity of human interests—that the strife between man and man, which has prevailed since Cain slew his brother, should cease; that unity, coöperation and love will alone bring universal plenty, and close the temple of the two-faced Janus forever. Herein, to our view, consists the greatest good of the present troublous times—the very jewel in the toad's head. There was little chance that men going along comfortably in the old beaten paths would march rapidly toward practical altruism. But affliction makes us wondrous kind. When a great wave of tribulation sweeps over a country it is very likely to engulf all classes, and make them realize their mutual dependence. The great uniformitary forces are always at work aiding human evolution. They are like the wind, the rain, the frost and other uniform agencies that through the geologic periods have modified the earth's crust; but it has been pretty clearly shown that other agencies have coöperated with those working uniformly, and have most powerfully contributed to the earth's evolution—greatly shortening the periods which would have been required by the slow action of the agencies working under the principle of uniformity; that, in short, the earth has been subject to the action of forces truly catastrophic and cataclysmic in character. So, in the evolution of society, the great "strikes" and "labor eruptions" and "labor struggles," unpleasant as they are, may have their use in hastening the passage of society through its necessary periods of evolutionary preparation for its high altruistic destiny.

But there is this difference: the cataclysms of society may be foreseen and their disasters mitigated or even wholly avoided, according to our wisdom. Knowing that society is surely progressing out of its present selfish antagonisms into brotherhood of interests, and is sure to sweep out of the way whatever obstructs its course, we can remove obstacles and smooth its pathway, instead of trying to hinder or stop its resistless motion. But those who blindly, doggedly, insist that the social evolution which has gone on uninterruptedly, taking advantage of both uniform and catastrophic agencies, shall cease in their day and generation, are as foolish as those would be who should insist that all geologic change shall cease in this year of our Lord 1877.

PRESENT COMMUNISTIC INSTITUTIONS.

We have said that the manifestation of the Community spirit does not depend upon forms and institutions, nor upon the gathering of large numbers into great Community families; and that the first and paramount need of the time is the spread of that spirit in the world just as it is. If we examine further we shall find that some of the institutions within which men now live are Communistic in their true functions.

1. The *Family* is primarily and in its true working a Community institution. "Communism," says Mr. Noyes—"dreadful bugbear as it is on the large scale—is the fundamental principle of every family. The man keeps no account with his wife, but cares for her as for himself. Man and wife keep no account with their children, but regard them as their own flesh. This, at least, is the theory of the family compact. Thus all children are born in Communism, and for the sweetest part of their lives are nourished and brought up in Communism. They come in contact with the opposite principle of trading selfishness only when they begin to leave the family circle and mingle with the world.

"Communism is really the very essence of Home. The man who turns back in imagination from the desert of common life to the oasis of his childhood and sings, 'Home, sweet, sweet, Home,' is unconsciously thinking of Communism, and longing to return to it.

"The Communism which begins with marriage does not stop at the first generation, but reaches the grandchildren, and like a light shining in a dark place, is reflected back to parents and grandparents, and glances far and wide among uncles and aunts and cousins, till it is lost in distance.

"And we must not imagine that this family-feeling, which thus radiates unity in little circles all over the world, has its seat and cause exclusively or even chiefly in consanguinity. On the contrary, its very beginning is in the love that arises between man and woman as such, without blood relationship. Husbands and wives are related to each other only as members of the human race; and yet their love is the source of the love between brothers and sisters, and cousins and all kindred. They are the real founders of the family-Community. So that if the old saying is true that 'blood is stronger than water,' we must add to it that 'love is stronger than blood.'

"Thus it appears that we are all not only born and brought up in Communism, but that one of our very strongest natural proclivities in adult life is for Communism with non-relatives."

2. *Government*, especially all constitutional government, is a Communistic institution. Whatever may be its administration, it exists in theory for the good of all. All have a common interest in it, and from the government of a school-district up through town, county, state and national forms, all participate to a greater or less degree in supporting and regulating it. The fact that it is often or continuously prostituted to individual, sectional or party interests does not alter the truth that in its essence and normal functions, in the true conception of them, it is Communistic.

3. Then above all is the *Church.* This in every true conception of it should be the fountain-head of Communism to the world. Here men come into equal relations to a common Father, God. Here they accept common conditions of salvation. Here, if anywhere, the love of God and of each other is the bond of union. Here the spirit of heaven, which is the very soul of Communism, comes into their hearts. And unless in all its ministrations the Church is a means to this end, it is false to its office and duty as an institution among men.

Here are at least three of the most important and pervading institutions of society as it is, that are essentially Communistic in their nature. The good which society receives from them may be shown to be in exact proportion to their being administered in accordance with this primal nature. As they depart from this, they cease to be beneficent in their action and become obstructions to civilization and progress.

Now let these three great representative institutions—the Family, Government, and the Church—be pervaded, just as they now exist, in their whole scope by the Community spirit—that spirit which was poured into humanity on the day of Pentecost, and now flows in the depths of human hearts as a river of life—and the world would become a new world. Society, instead of being the hell of discord we now see, would become a scene of unity, brotherhood and swiftest progress in all civilization. The Kingdom of Heaven, instead of being something talked and dreamed of and prayed for, would be all around us.

Theo. L. Pitt.

CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION.

A few weeks since we discussed in our columns the plan of colonizing waste lands as a means of relief for the laboring poor; and according to the *Boston Herald*, a movement is now organizing in that city to carry the scheme into effect in a practical way. It is the work of several gentlemen of means, and its object, as set forth in their published prospectus, is "to promote associate migration to fertile, unoccupied lands; to aid their development into agricultural towns and homesteads, by these means contributing to a redistribution of labor, its diversion from trade and manufacture where in surplus, to tillage of the earth, the basis of all industry, and the primary source of all wealth." This is not intended to be a purely philanthropic enterprise, but is expected to afford a reasonable profit on the capital invested. The plan is, to purchase large sections of land—say 100,000 acres in a compact body—and to lay it out in squares like a checker-board, each alternate square to be reserved by the capitalist, who will furnish to the settler one-half the land at cost, relying on the rise in value of the other half to furnish adequate profit on the whole sum invested. Means will be contributed to send needy colonists

thither, and to provide them with subsistence and necessaries till they are able to support themselves from their own labor, which, it is expected, will be within a few months from the time of settlement. This is a good, practical movement, and if managed judiciously will no doubt be successful. To make a perfect success of it, however, we think great care should be taken to provide for the gratification of the aggregative instinct which induces men to herd in towns under uncomfortable conditions rather than scatter over the country in more comfortable isolation. It is not quite enough to furnish a town-bred man with a farm and the means of subsistence; he must have society, or he will be discontented, and pine for a return to the flesh-pots of Egypt. The most obvious method of accomplishing this would be the ownership and cultivation of the lands in common, and the establishment of a central home or village, where all the colonists should dwell, and which would afford a general social center for the colony. If this for any reason should be inexpedient we think the old European village system affords, in some respects, better social conditions than are afforded to the American farmer, and with some modifications might be applied successfully to any new colony. This is simply to build all dwellings in a group, or as near the center of the colonial land as may be, and not each upon a separate farm or outlying plot—the laborer going out to his work in the morning, and returning to his home at night. By thus grouping, instead of scattering the homesteads, many of the advantages of aggregative society may be attained, such as a common library, gymnasium, lecture or meeting-room, etc., etc., and if the aggregative tendency should prove sufficiently strong, public bakery, laundry, etc. A very great advantage in commencing a society *de novo*, in this way, is in the increased liberty which is afforded to adopt new methods and improvements which are hardly practicable in old and thickly-settled countries, and we hope the Boston colonists will avail themselves of their privileges in this regard.

In this connection it may be appropriate to notice a plan similar to the foregoing, proposed by Elihu Burritt, though it has not taken any more practical form than that of a letter to the *New York Tribune*. The following paragraph contains the essence of his scheme:

"There is no State in the Union that so much needs industrial population as Virginia. There is none so near this surplus, unemployed labor that has such great sections of wild or wooded land which should be brought into cultivation. There is none with such a variety of climates, soils, and natural resources for every kind of occupation. A thousand laborers, once on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, could walk to a section fitted for such a settlement in a single day. Here, then, is a noble field of patriotic and economic enterprise for Virginians of means and elevated motives, who believe all this of their native State. They can lose nothing by trying one experiment in the movement. The process is cheap, expeditious and simple. Let a dozen men, who would give it a fair trial, form a Home Land and Labor Company, and purchase, if practicable, 2,000 acres of wooded land, and divide it into thirty-acre allotments. Then let them advertise in the sections so thronged with unemployed labor for 50 or 100 wood-cutters at fair wages to clear six acres of each of these allotments. Let them include two or three carpenters and joiners to direct and assist at the construction of a comfortable log-house for each homestead, and a central building of a suitable size for a chapel and schoolhouse. Give these hired laborers who have thus prepared the allotments for occupation the first chance and right to occupy and own them, and partly or wholly to provision them for six months with their own wages. Attach a fair value to each homestead thus made ready for its occupant, and to all the tools and provisions advanced to him, and charge a fair and paying rentage and interest upon the amount. Let it be a rigidly business transaction, paying as fair rate of profit on the capital as any of Alderman Waterlow's tenement houses in London. Appoint a resident or visiting agent to supervise the colony, collect rentage, advise and assist in settling any differences, and to act in any requisite way for the corporation. How easy and cheap it would be to try an experiment of this small extent! If it succeeded, others on a larger would follow. Virginia could take in 100,000 of these unemployed laborers, and provide such a homestead for every one of them, and they would be a wealth to her."

Probably there is no better field for such an enterprise in the Union than Virginia. It is near at hand, has a superb climate, much good soil, large mineral wealth, and is within comparatively easy reach of our best markets. There are no such long distances to be overcome as must be the case with any settlement west of the Mississippi; and there is room within the limits of the State for four times the number of laborers which Mr. Burritt specifies. Many of the other Southern States afford scarcely less eligible localities for industrial colonization than Virginia, and are sadly in need of just the bone and muscle and sinew which such parties of working colonists would furnish. There is evidently no lack of room in which to try such experiments, and if the first attempts prove successful, there is every reason to believe their example will be extensively followed. J.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, Dec. 3, 1877.

DEAR SOCIALIST:—It is a long while since my crescent-like signature has been seen at the bottom of a communication in your columns, but do not think its absence has been caused by want of interest in the work of the period. As it draws near the end of the year, it gives me pleasure to say that I think the SOCIALIST has made great progress since it started on its career. Perhaps you may think my word *progress* is not the true one to use in its connection. I think it is, and I think that too many persons have the idea that a "Community" is a fixed institution, tied so closely to certain ideas that there can be no progress in it. My idea is different; it is that when Community or true associated life commences, then progress takes place in a greater ratio than before.

When the SOCIALIST commenced there seemed to me to be a disposition to criticise certain phases of the past, and to bring into prominence some old issues, and my first and last communications were toward unity, the attempt to unite Socialists on the common grounds that we know they all can unite on if they will, as "the enlargement of home," united interest, etc. Can I not say that the acquaintance we have all had for the past two years has done much toward giving the Socialists unity? I think so. Allow me, as an humble subscriber, to express my great satisfaction with the paper as at present conducted; with the success in treating all fairly and liberally; and if the pecuniary success is not at present gratifying, it will yet be so, I am sure.

The great, seething city shows but few Socialistic straws on its surface to tell the currents that blow; the most hopeful sign I meet is the intelligence the young men display on Social problems. I am often surprised to see how quick they take the ideas of Coöperation, and I find the wisest heads where I have least expected it—among the wealthy; and I close with this query: Would we not all be more intelligent if we were more wealthy? Communism properly applied will make all rich. C.

Zoar Community, O., Dec. 4, 1877.

* * * Do I like the SOCIALIST? Why should I not? I greet every person and every agency that is working for the spread of Communism. The world can not and will not stay as it is, and the battle has already begun which will not cease until new regulations are established between capital and labor. To settle the question peaceably, only Communism is needed. Who can look candidly at the matter without prejudice, and deny this? S. B.

Canonsburg, Pa., Nov. 18, 1877.

PUBLISHERS SOCIALIST:—I have several times published notices of your paper. Myself and wife always pick out first, from among hundreds of other exchanges, the SOCIALIST. Sunday is generally spent by us poring over and discussing it.

F. P., Publisher of *Rural-Notes*.

IT will be recollected that Mrs. Elisabeth Thompson last summer offered three premiums $100, $75 and $50 gold—for the best newspaper articles upon the Labor Question; the awards to be made by the following gentlemen: O. B. Frothingham, Mr. R. L. Dugdale of the Board of Charities and Correction, Mr. Edwin A. Pratt, Secretary of the Free Trade Club, Mr. George A. Potter, merchant, and Mr. Porter C. Bliss, editor of the *Library Table*. About four hundred essays were offered in competition, of which more than three hundred were in manuscript, notwithstanding the stipulated condition that they should first appear in print. In the award the highest premium was withheld, on the ground that none were of sufficient excellence to merit it; the second prize was awarded to Prof. R. Eckles of Brooklyn; the third prize was given to Rev. T. S. Cartwright of Long Island City. The $100 was divided among five other competitors.

COMMUNISM IN BOOKS.

THE great want experienced by cultured men and women in a small town is of books, periodicals, etc., which, individually, they are not able to buy. There are very few circulating libraries in American towns of a population less than ten thousand. This want can be obviated in a measure by a friendly combination between certain families or individuals, in which each contributes a given number of books to a common stock; these books are loaned to the members in turn.

A more formal and much better way is the formation of a book-club, such as were common in England before the establishment of Mudie, in which each member pays at the beginning a certain sum, with which as many books are purchased as there are members, each one choosing a book; these pass in regular rotation from hand to hand, remaining a fortnight with each reader; twenty books may thus be read for the cost of one. When the books have passed around the circle, they are sold to members for the benefit of the club. Fines for detention and abuse of books also keep up the funds. No officer is required in this association but a treasurer. Another advantage in the plan is that books can be bought by the quantity at lower rates than singly. The same rule applies to subscriptions for magazines, newspapers, etc.—*Scribner's Magazine*.

STORIES OF POVERTY.

[It is good for the rich to see just what the poor have to go through. We have gathered from the members of the Oneida Community some narratives of pre-communistic experiences which we propose to present under the above title. Besides illustrating the distresses that are common among ordinary and "respectable" poor folks, these stories prove what we have often said of the O. C.—that it is not a select society of well-to-do people, but an average slice of humanity, in which all classes are represented and where the rich and the poor meet in equal comfort.]

MRS. R.'S STORY.

I WAS born in 1791 in Dalton, Massachusetts. My parents were very poor, though able to struggle along without suffering actual want. At the time of my birth their large and increasing family had become so burdensome that, at the request of a childless aunt, my mother gave me to her when fifteen months old. When I was ten years of age my father moved with his family into New York State. I remained with my aunt until I was eighteen, and then went to live with my father, with whom I staid until I was married a few years afterward.

I knew a great deal during my girlhood about the scrimping and contriving which poverty necessitates, but I did not become acquainted with its real hardships until after I was married. My husband had received a good education for those days, and had adopted the profession of surveyor, but he had no property. We lived with his mother for a year and a-half, and then determined to strike out for ourselves. On looking about for some means of gaining our independence, we saw no opening except in the direction of a pioneer life in the woods. We accordingly made up our minds to emigrate to what was called the "Holland Purchase"—a large, partly cleared tract of land including the city of Buffalo. My sister's family concluded to go with us, so we obtained a large, long wagon, and put into it all the property which our two families owned. Mr. R. had only his surveying instruments, a few clothes and a yoke of oxen which his step-father lent him. I had one cow, a table, a frying-pan, a kettle, two bedticks, a feather-bed with bed-clothes enough to cover two beds, and a scanty set of the most common kind of crockery. My sister had two or three children, and I had one little boy. We started on our journey in March, 1814, the women and children riding with the stuff, and the men walking. Traveling with an ox-team is a very slow mode of transit, and we were fourteen days transporting ourselves and luggage a distance of one hundred and fifty miles.

We settled on a small clearing about thirty miles from Buffalo, and for the first year we all lived in the family of my brother-in-law's brother; but at the end of that time Mr. R. had accumulated money enough to buy a place of several acres, on which was a tolerably comfortable log-house, containing, however, but one room. It was in a lonesome spot—the nearest neighbor being three-quarters of a mile away; and as my husband had joined the army, and was obliged to be gone on training-day, in addition to the periods of absence which his business required, I spent many hours alone, with only my little boy for company, and the whistling of the wind in the great forests to serve as a weird accompaniment to the singing with which I endeavored to keep up courage. The house was also very near the Indian war-trail, so that I was often in terror lest we should be molested by the savages; and yet my faith in the protecting care of Providence never forsook me.

The well-known year of 1816 brought many hardships. There was a severe frost every month, so that all the spring and summer crops were cut off. For three weeks we had nothing to eat but salt and potatoes, and, as misfortunes never come single, our cow was dry for six weeks when we were the most destitute, and this was the only time in her life that she was in that condition. We could not get grain for love or money, and yet we were never for a day without something in the house to eat.

During that season of scarcity my second child was

born. It was training-day, and I was all alone. My husband felt reluctant to leave me that morning, though I did not expect to be sick so soon; but he had to go to the training or be sued for neglect of duty, an expense which we could ill afford. He had not been gone long when my pains came on with such rapidity that I had no doubt that I must soon be delivered. What in the world I should do I didn't know. I was unable to go anywhere for help, and there was little probability that any one would pass that way during the day. I stepped to the door and called at the top of my voice, in hopes to make my nearest neighbor hear me, but the wind was blowing hard in the wrong direction, and my voice came back upon me powerless. I became so disheartened that I had to drop all other considerations and nerve myself for the coming event with all the fortitude I could muster. I got to the bed as fast as I could. The door was wide open, and the wind blew in great gusts, but I could not get up to shut it. I was utterly ignorant what to do; but there was no help for it, I must get along alone, and necessity is a swift teacher. Wisdom was given me, and I got through it all with good luck. After I had tucked the child snugly in bed I arose and shut the door. Then I got back into bed again and lay there quietly, expecting Providence would in some way send relief. After waiting several hours a young man who lived in the neighborhood rode up on horseback to get a saddle he had left with us. He asked if I were sick, but as the child was quiet and concealed by the bed-clothes he did not at all suspect my condition. I answered that I was not very well, and that I wished, if he could spend the time, he would go to Mrs. S. and tell her I would like to see her. He said he would, and offered to lend his horse, so I soon had all the care I needed.

My diet during confinement was potatoes and salt, as we had no milk, butter, meat or flour. We had, however, a large field of winter wheat which had just begun to head, and we would occasionally gather a few handfuls of the green grain and cook it as we now boil rice. This was very sweet and good. One morning, when the child was about a week old, I looked out the door, and saw that a number of cattle had got into this field of wheat and were rapidly devouring the grain. Those who have never been poor can hardly realize what a distressing sight this was. We counted on this wheat as our principal means of subsistence for the winter, as it was the only growing thing which had escaped the monthly frosts of that summer, and now it was going to destruction without a soul to save it. My husband was away surveying, and would not be back till night, and no one else was about. The field was half-a-mile distant, and between it and the house there was a large meadow of grass about two feet high, which, as it had rained all the day before, was heavily loaded with moisture. I was at first at a loss what to do, as I was still so weak that I feared it would be the death of me to walk through that wet grass; but after a few moments I said to myself, "Well, if it *does* kill me, I am going to save that grain for some body else." So I waded resolutely into the dripping grass, which soon filled my shoes so full of water that I could hear it ooze out at every step. I was not long, however, in reaching the wheat-field, from which I drove the cattle with little ceremony. When I got back to the house my clothes were completely drenched from my feet to my waist; but I did not take cold nor receive the least harm from the adventure, and I always thought it was because I was so determined to save that grain for others.

The next year we got along somewhat better, though I always had to contrive all sorts of ways to make any variety in our bill-of-fare. I did not see an apple all the time we lived in this place, and as we had no hens we of course had no eggs. We made sugar from the maple-trees which grew in the forest. I remember one Christmas Mr. R. said he wished we might have a mince-pie. How I was to make it without apples was a problem; but "necessity is the mother of invention," and I managed to make a very respectable mince-pie out of lean pork, pumpkin, bread, vinegar and sugar. I also made a custard-pie out of cream and flour.

At the end of four years we returned to our old home. When we started on our pioneer life I determined that if hard work and economy could do it we would be rich before we returned; but when we left the woods we were no better off than when we went. We just made out to live and that was all.

The year after our return we had every thing we possessed in the world except our bed sold out of the house by the sheriff, in consequence of Mr. R.'s being obliged to pay an unknown debt left by a man who made him his partner in business just before he died. For ten years I took in washing and clothed myself and children with the money I received, without calling on Mr. R. for a cent. Our prospects gradually brightened year by year, and we were able to enjoy many of the comforts of life, besides helping others who were in the destitute condition that we had once been in. We passed through some trying scenes, but we found that the Lord was sure to provide in every emergency.

ARE TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE?

A WRITER in *Fraser's Magazine*, in an article "On the Comparative Stupidity of Politicians," tries to demonstrate the absurdity of the saying, that "The House of Commons is wiser than any single member." The demonstration fails, we think, from the writer's not taking into account the principle that two persons who agree are sometimes wiser after consultation than either before consultation. The highest medical wisdom is expected from a consultation of physicians; the highest legal authority proceeds from the agreement of judges; and in the field of religion we have the promise of Christ that, "where two or three are gathered together in his name" there will he be present. "Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Taking a difficult passage to a friend often helps a translator before a word has been spoken, so, too, difficulties in mathematics and physics are often overcome by a pupil in the presence of his teacher, which seemed insurmountable when the student was alone. If the presence of an intelligent person aids a seeker for truth in any degree, is it too much to suppose that the presence of intelligent spirits aid the thoughts of those who by agreement come within the aura of their influence? If this is true, the wisdom of a group may be greater than that of any visible isolated member of the group.

J. B. H.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE

SIXTY YEARS OLD.

Washington City, March 22, 1816.

* * * The Tariff bill has been before us for two days. The manufacturing interest in the country has become strong, and there is great management here in favor of it. If it is passed it will probably go into effect in June. They want to have the duties on cotton goods so high as to wholly stop the trade to India and very much check importations from all countries. They ask something like the same thing in favor of woolens. * * *

March 27. * * * The British Minister, Mr. Bagot, lately arrived here in great style—splendid coach, four elegant horses, driver and two postillions in liveries, outriders, Secretary of Legation, Chargé d'Affaires, etc., all in scarlet, with *chapeau bras*, gold laced hats, in court style. So much for him. * * *

April 6. * * * I am too busy and too much fatigued to answer all the letters I get from home. I have every week to answer many correspondents in Vermont and other places on business, and nearly all my leisure is employed in trotting about to the different offices to get business done for applicants. We have had for two or three months past a more laborious session than any other since the Government began. We go into the House between nine and ten o'clock, and there continue in great exertion and even agitation of mind, if one takes any interest in things, till five or six o'clock, without eating or drinking, unless we buy a piece of cake or an apple of one of the old women in the lobbies—for which we pay more than would buy a dinner in Boston. After all this, we return to our quarters almost totally exhausted in body and mind, and if we are not beyond eating we eat like dogs whatever is set before us. Thus you may easily see we are scarcely fit for any exertion till another day comes round. In fact, it is a dog's life—and worse!

April 12. * * * We begin to talk about adjourning at the close of next week or soon after. * * *

April 19. * * * Yesterday I visited Mount Vernon. We crossed the Potomac in front of the Capitol on a bridge a mile long; passed down on the Virginia side six miles to Alexandria, a city nearly as large as New Haven; and after a short stop there, went on eight miles further, passing gentlemen's seats on the right and left, at a distance from the road, in the English style. On arriving opposite the seat of Washington, the house and other buildings are seen on the left, about half a mile from the road. At the gate by the road there are two small neat cottages where two of the four remaining servants of Washington live. We passed on in a winding way through groups of trees to the house. There we were met by a servant who devoted his whole time to us. We first visited the tomb; afterward the house, gardens, green-house, etc., which I will describe to you and the children when I return. I send you a sprig from the cedar that hangs over the tomb. * * *

April 20. * * * Our House, a few days since, passed a resolution to adjourn to-day; but the Senate did not concur. It begins to be confidentially, said, however, that Congress will adjourn the last of next week.

* * * Strolled over to Georgetown and went through the grounds and buildings of the Roman Catholic College. Shall have a great deal to say of this establishment hereafter. This would be a fine place for our John if we could be willing to have him a Roman Catholic. * * *

April 29. * * * We shall adjourn to-morrow, probably late in the night; and I shall be on the way home the next morning, glad to get away from this fatiguing work, and glad to get back to those I love. * * *

THE END.

NOVEMBER GLEANINGS.

III.

"Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying."

——*Tennyson.*

NOVEMBERS are not always so gray and wet as this of 1877. The Centennial's November was bright and sunshiny nearly the month through, with clear and bracing air, and frosty nights. Not many years since, the month was one of snow-drifts, sleigh-bells, and skating-parties. Still, the month with its damp mild air has given us this boast, we have plucked yellow dandelions and white and purple violets beneath November's skies. What if the "Farmer's Bulletin" has been monotonously lachrymose, with its reiterated predictions of a low barometer and "generally cloudy weather and rain areas," November has yet "loosed now and then a scattered smile," perhaps the more charming for its rarity. Come with me during one of these day-broad smiles, and I will take you to the Land of Echoes; and as we go I will be your Bradshaw to the beauties of the day and way.

Along this flat bit of shale by the river's edge, note these gigantic bunches of sweet clover. Its white-flowered racemes are still fragrant and but little touched by the frost. Beyond the rustic bridge where we cross the river is a tangle of vines; here are frost grapes hanging high, waiting the plucking; they are good for sauce (and wine, too, I would add, if you and I were not teetotalers). Then here is clematis or virgin's-bower, whose feathery seed-whorls are pretty for ornamenting pictures and mirrors; but you must have a dash of color with it, and here you get it in this climbing bitter-sweet whose fruity racemes (in which the orange-colored pods have burst, disclosing the scarlet aril beneath), look like darting tongues of flame.

Come, cross with me this loamy flat, its

"Harvest treasures all
Now gathered in beyond the rage of storms,"

and up this woody hill-side road strewn with dissected tree-tops. Some one has been here but lately with an axe. And, oh! note the refined cruelty of man to tree! A silvery poplar has been cut down, chopped into firewood, and piled half way up the sloping hill-side. And it is kept from rolling down hill by its own slender stump! What would you think, to be made hearse-bearer at your own funeral?

Once this field we are now crossing was all glorious with golden-rod. Though long since gone to seed, each stalk is still beautiful with its gray and downy head gracefully bent. Yield to the field thus clad your tribute of praise, and remember that age is not always the grave of loveliness. So thought Chateaubriand, when, on bended knee, he offered hand and heart and poet's fame as tribute to the gray-haired winsomeness of Madame Recamier's seventy winters.

This other field, half pasture, half wood, has every year a wondrous display of the common milk or silk-weed. To a little boy I know, this weed is only charming when gone to seed. I have taken him here many an autumn day, and after furnishing him with a cudgel suited to his size, sat me down to watch his antics. Now he will run from one dry stalk to another, striking its fruit with his stick as he passes, and from the bursting pods fly forth, like fleecy clouds, the flat seeds winged each with its tufts of silken hairs. And now he will pick a handful of the stalks whose pods are just ready to shed their seeds, and, running with them across the smooth reaches of meadow, leaves in his wake a white stream which looks so much like smoke that I liken him to a young steam-engine run wild.

Now thread with me this narrow gully, between beech woods, hilly pasture-lands, and stony sheep-walks. It leads to upland meadows, woods and clearings. Now we are in Echo-land. This half-cleared space between two woods is full of burning stumps; we'll fan the smouldering flames and warm our hands, waiting, on our mossy seat, for the evening train whose whistle wakes the sleeping echoes.

* * * * * * *

The sun sets behind a purple, Indian-summer mist. The twilight deepens. Soon the train will come flying up the valley, and we must up and stand by that stony cairn in this neighboring meadow, for that marks the

center of Echo-land. Ah! already, with puff and snort, the train has entered that wood low down to the north of us. Did you count *nine* echoes when it stopped at that station? Oh! that is nothing; wait till it nears the next station above that trestle yonder, and then hark to the echoes.

The trestle is past. Quick, engineer, down there in the silent valley; quick, open the valve where pleads the expansive steam. Quick,

"Set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying."

See! the steam, like the genie let loose from the jar by the Arab fisherman, spreads through the valley. Hark! the shriek of the steam whistle, TOOT! TOOT!! And the echoes, TOOT-TOOT! *toot-toot!* toot-toot, to-ot—t-o-o-t; flying from hill to hill, from wood to wood, from glen to glen, up and down the darkening valley, till they sink exhausted, "dying, dying, dying," no longer able to set the sound waves pulsing to our ears. Yet while they lived we caught *thirteen* echoes of the first fierce cry. A. E. H.

Nov. 25, 1877.

HARVARD EXAMINATION FOR WOMEN.

THIS is a plan instituted by the faculty of Harvard for examining the intellectual acquisitions of women wherever educated—of all women that may be ambitious for a certificate from that body. The examinations are of two grades, one *preliminary*, intended as a test of proficiency in common branches; and the second called *advanced*, intended as a test of special culture in one or more of five departments, Languages, Natural Science, Mathematics, History and Philosophy. The object is to furnish a strict and publicly recognized standard by which girls in course of education may test their progress. The examinations are made in writing. They have become a part of the regular work of the university, and are to be held in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati. At the New York examination, lately, eleven candidates presented themselves, and the examinations lasted a week. The returns are said not to show any characteristic failures or short-comings.

Scribner's Monthly for December contains an article by Robert Dale Owen, entitled, "Recallings from a Public Life," in which the writer relates how he was stirred up early in his public life to get a change of the common law so that woman could hold personal property. Two scamps who married sisters took an early opportunity, when their wives were absent, and sold off all their marriage portion, which was the product of years of industy and saving, and absconded. Owen raised a *posse* to pursue them, but could not get any writ of arrest, because the property belonged to their husbands. He started a subscription for their relief, and vowed to do what he could for the repeal of a law so unjust—a vow most sacredly kept.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

HOME.

The idea of postal savings' banks is a growing one.

Mr. Sherman won't sell his four-per-cents for silver.

Dartmouth College has 425 students, and no "hazing."

Sunday is just as pleasant as any other day in San Francisco.

The silver folks say the President wants a dollar as big as a cart-wheel.

The literary men of this country are doing their best to gladden the poet Whittier.

There are 346 colleges in the United States, after leaving out the 70 Catholic colleges.

The Senators are trying to find out where the Senate ends and where the Presidency begins.

General Miles, the Indian fighter, thinks we have the hardest-worked army in the world.

Samuel Bowles, the most conspicuous editor in New England, is dying of a paralyzed brain.

We must be prepared to live awhile under the administration of publicans, sinners and Democrats.

Illinois is just the place for a free tramp. She has lately declared her vagrant act unconstitutional.

For seventeen years the girls have taken more prizes in the high schools of Chicago than the boys.

The first $5 greenback, "A No. 1," "Washington, March 10, 1863," has been found at Nashville. It will be kept for a curiosity.

Gas light has been found very destructive to libraries bound in "Russia." The mischief comes from the sulphur in the gas.

Mr. Lawrence Barnett, who is playing Howells' "Counterfeit Presentment," says he has an ambition to bring our literary men to the stage.

The United States Court of Claims has had to adjudicate demands for $3,000,000—much of it for cotton lost or spirited away during the war.

Companies I, E, L and M of the 7th Cavalry have been ordered from Fort Lincoln to Deadwood, which the Indians are reported to have invested.

Another baby-show in New York. We don't see as it has any thing to do with evolution, or the survival of the fittest, or the perfection of the species.

The silver men are in heart again. A motion in the Senate to put off the consideration of the Bland Silver Bill till Jan. 12 was lost by a vote of 18 to 41.

The Republican Senators will let some more Democrats into the Committees, but if they know their own minds they won't let any more Democrats into the Senate.

Judge Humphreys has refused to surrender Patterson to the tender mercies of South Carolina. Some of the papers have a suspicion that this is a kind of "8 to 7" decision.

Civil-Service reform is, we fear, a thing altogether too high for the average morality of this country. Editors and politicians are ready to "weaken" at the slightest indication of danger.

Foucault's experiment with a pendulum, to give a visible demonstration of the rotation of the earth, has been successfully repeated in the rotunda of the State House at Indianapolis, Indiana.

Don't you know too much about human nature to suppose that the South is going to feel as grateful to the bondholders as the North does? Those are the men who cut the switch for the Southern back.

Superintendent Smyth, of New York, is supposed to be hard at work examining the condition of our Life Insurance Companies. He hopes to restore confidence "in the whole subject of life insurance."

Jones Brothers & Co., of Cincinnati, offer to deliver, *freight free*, Ridpath's "History of the United States," lately reviewed in the SOCIALIST, to schools and libraries, on receipt of the introductory price.

Coop the savages on reservations and make barbarians of them; teach them to plow and tend cattle, and by and by to read and spell. This is about the substance of Secretary Shurz's Indian policy. It suits the newspapers.

The Californians have been ciphering on the Chinese question, and they have come to the conclusion that the whole revenue derived from the Chinese does not suffice to support the convicts which they furnish to the State Prisons.

Has the man who is willing to work for the minimum, as the Chinaman is, any rights which the country is bound to respect? The Hoodlum says no: but how about the rights of the man who wants to hire in the cheapest market?

The New York Custom House appointments have been sent in again. Reason: the Senate did not reach them during the extra session, and before giving them up the President wants to have them acted on by the Senate in executive session.

The Phi Beta Kappa Alumni in New York have been holding a reünion and discussing the question of consolidating our small fresh-water colleges. A difficult thing to do, for nearly every college has some peculiar theological wrinkle of its own.

Send your spare books and magazines to Sumner I. Kimball, General Superintendent of Life Saving Service, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., and he will forward them to the lonely men who live on the edge of the sea and watch day and night to help the shipwrecked mariner.

Col. Robert W. Ingersoll is still Bobbing around in his saucy, free-thinking way with a polemical chip on his shoulder. There are enough who want to fight him, but he won't stay long enough in one spot for anybody to get hold of him and worry him down in a sort of argumentative, catch-as-you-can tussle.

RUSKIN'S THREE RULES FOR WORKERS. 1. To do your own work well, whether it be for life or death. 2. To help other people at theirs, when you can, and seek to avenge no injury. 3. To be sure you can obey good laws before you seek to alter bad ones.

A China paper states that during an outbreak of cholera on board the Customs' cruiser Fei Hoo, one of the crew was saved, while in a dying state, by the novel experiment of placing him between the heated boilers of that vessel. This extemporized Turkish Bath completely cured the patient.

Secretary Sherman's Treasury report puts the revenue for the next ensuing fiscal year at $269,250,000, and expenses at $280,688,796.38, leaving a deficit of $11,000,000. To meet this he recommends a specific duty on tea and coffee. He is confident of our ability to resume specie payment without further legislation.

The Republican representatives from New York joined in a paper asking the President to withdraw the names of Messrs. Roosevelt and Prince for the New York Custom House. There is modesty for you. If they are unfit appointments let the Senate say so. That is its duty, and it is all the President asks.

Russia leather is made in Connecticut; Bordeaux wine is manufactured in California; French lace is woven in New York; Italian marble is dug in Kentucky; Marseilles linen is produced in Massachusetts; English cassimere is made in New Hampshire; Parian art work comes from a shop in Boston; Spanish mackerel are caught on the New Jersey coast, and Havana cigars are rolled by the million in Chicago.

After thirty years' service, Captain Lowery has been discharged from the New York Police for drunkenness. He probably began by getting illuminatedly drunk, then wittily drunk, then sociably drunk, then lovingly drunk, then jolly drunk, then swearing drunk, then ugly drunk, then fighting drunk, stupid drunk, tangle-footed drunk, tumble-all-down-in-a-heap drunk, and then it was too much and they had to discharge him as bad matter.

I want to find the man who first melted iron ore and made a lump of jagged pig-iron. Won't some one call out in the spirit-land and inquire for that ancient barbarian—I know not whether his name was Thor or Vulcan or Pluto. Put your hand to your mouth and shout as through a speaking-trumpet—shout like a steam-engine—shout till the hills catch up the echoes and bandy them back and forth, till they are broken to pieces and die away in sweet cadences. Then go to some other point and halloo again. The man is wanted. Tell him to come forward. I am sure that he went away without getting the honor he ought to have had. Ask him if he is still in the iron business. Ask him if he is miserable on account of anybody taking up the trade and going ahead of him. Tell him to come right along. It was he who made the job of subduing the earth an easy one. It had been a long, up-hill task till he came. Tell him to come before the curtain and hear us clap. Tell him we want to build a pyramid in honor of him.

FOREIGN.

The Pope has got out of bed.

The English like the President's message.

A correspondent of the *London Field* says giraffe steak is good.

The Russians have lost 74,858 men since the beginning of the war.

Fifteen hundred French manufacturers and merchants told MacMahon that he had better "cave."

Do your duty, and if that does not make you as unhappy as you want to be then borrow a hatchel and sit on it.

Skobeloff, the pious dare-devil of the Russians, has been hit at last. It is thought his wound will not be fatal.

Brazil will subsidize an American line of steamers for carrying the mail between that country and the United States.

The private workshop of James Watt, the famous English engineer, still remains in an old mansion in Birmingham, England, just as he left it.

The Russians are standing knee deep in the snow at Erzeroum and besieging the Turks with chattering teeth. They mean to attack Batoum soon.

King Alfonso, of Spain, will marry the Infanta Mercedes in January. He had to consult more folks than his mother and his own sweet will before he could a-courting go.

Adam Badeau, the United States Consul-General at London, thinks American mechanics had better stay at home and not hunt for work in England. It will do to go if you have a contract, however.

A manuscript of Wickliffe's New Testament, described on the authority of the late Sir Frederick Madden as the only perfect copy known which can be assigned to the fourteenth century, is now held in England, and valued at $4,250.

The Scotch Universities show considerable Liberalism. At Glasgow Mr. Gladstone has been chosen Lord Rector over Sir Stafford Northcote, by a vote of 1,153 to 609, and at Edinburgh, hitherto Conservative, Lord Hartington defeated Mr. Cross by 932 to 684.

Here is another picture of Gambetta. It is from the *Hartford Post:* "He is not a large man, except for a simply enormous belly, but the size of his head makes up for any lack in his body; his hair is black as coal, falls in half curling locks upon his shoulders; his beard and moustache are heavy and curly, but not long; his nose is large, thoroughly Jewish; and as he rides he answers the enthusiasm which he always creates by the most comical of gestures, till one would almost fancy an escaped clown, instead of the greatest statesman of France, were passing."

Gustave Doré has found just where his work will tell. He says, "I have laid down the lines of my life; and life is already so short that it is the worst of stupidities not to economize every hour of it. My plan of life is laid out. Work in Paris, a short visit to London in Summer, then a month's holiday at Luchon, Montreaux, near the mountains or elsewhere; and for this the best apartments in the best hotel within reach. This is an artist's life. Has he time to go trotting backward and forward to a country villa, like a rich bourgeois who is in business?

Professor Goldwin Smith is wintering at Oxford, England, where he is detained by the illness of his wife. He will return to America some time in next July, and not expect to cross the ocean again. He writes: "Next September will probably see me in my lecture-room at Cornell. I hope Cornell is on the side of Russia. Depend upon it, on the whole it is the side of humanity. She is a young and growing nation, full of life, and though a despotism (the only form of government her people just now can bear) not reactionary, but under the present Czar much the reverse. All the powers of reaction are against her, including the whole of the party in England which was against you in your war."

The French Republicans have proved to be first-rate non-resistants. They stuck for their constitutional rights, and kept sticking, but not a word about fighting. They only refused to vote the Budget. The ugliness was all on the other side, and now that has had to give way. MacMahon has accepted the resignation of the Cabinet and entrusted the formation of a new and responsible Ministry to M. Dufaure from the Left.

Later. President MacMahon having insisted on retaining the Ministers of War, Marine and Foreign Affairs, M. Dufaure declined to form a Cabinet, and Senator Batbie has been invited to accept that task.

A writer in the *Nineteenth Century*—Sir James Erskine—describes a visit to Comte, the Positivist philosopher, twenty-five years ago. He says, "Comte soon entered, a smallish, stooping man, in long dark tweed dressing-gown, much blood-shot in one eye, healthy rosy tint, short black hair, small Celtic features, forehead unremarkable, agreeable physiognomy. After apologizing for not seeing me on Tuesday, on the ground of his studies, which would not bear any interruption, he commenced with a brilliant flow of words to state how pleased he always was with visits from Englishmen, and how high he placed England in the scale of the Five Nations forming the Western Republic." His library was not large nor particularly well-thumbed.

The Turks have the past week displayed some energy in Bulgaria. Mehemet Ali Pasha has made a stand at Kamarli and resisted the Russians who bombarded him from the heights of Entropol and Orchanie. There is nothing, however, to indicate any decided check to the Westward movements of the Russians. Their command of the Balkan Passes east of Sophia is not contradicted. The forces under Suleiman Pasha have been acting with considerable vigor along the upper Jantra. Elena, nineteen miles from Tirnova, has fallen into his hands. The loss to the Russians was some 1,800 men. Popkoi has also changed hands. But at last accounts, Suleiman has been effectually checked by the arrival of Russian reinforcements at Jakowitz in front of Plevna; also at Slataritza, thus flanking the Turk. The Russ. has 50,000 men at Tirnova.

Plevna has fallen. On the 9th Osman Pasha, his men frost-bitten and hungry, made a brave attempt to break out in the direction of Widdin. Attacked in front and rear, he was compelled, after a hard struggle, to make an unconditional surrender.

Advertisements.

A GOOD FRENCH PAPER.

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